

Daily Eagle

M. H. HURLOCK, Editor.

Our Disgust for Diplomacy.

An interesting by-product of our nation's democracy is the popular abhorrence of diplomacy. Since the time when, in the interests of a preservation of friendly relations and as a token of amity, the first two nations exchanged representatives, diplomacy, tricky as it is, laden with intrigue and plot and counterplot as it is and always has been, diplomacy has been a most useful thing in the world. It has brought many a war on, and has prevented a great many more.

The partisans of Coghlan and Kautz believe that at least one of our popular heroes is to be sacrificed to the high-headed, feather-brained, lace-trimmed outfit popularly despised as diplomats. The public banquet room of the Union League club in New York City is demonstrated to have been "private" with forty reporters scratching away at the speakers unloading themselves. Kautz ridicules the German consul at Apia and writes about it in correspondence to his sister. The only possible justification of its publication by a newspaper was the possibility of stirring up a row with it, for it contained no other interesting point. However, the last outbreak on the part of Kautz, was good-natured and the German representatives with the rest are laughing at it.

But before America loses herself in indignation lest the poplins of diplomacy overwhelm one of our brave captains with humiliation, America should casually call to mind that she is some pumpkins when it comes to the resentful instrument of diplomatic protest, herself.

The quick-step departure Sackville-West made from this country for interference with a political situation is only one instance out of many. America might have regarded it as a joke, but the president of the United States did not. When De Lome called McKinley a common politician and mailed the letter privately to a private friend, and the latter was, through means yet unknown, possessed, President McKinley, with the nation at his back, did not waste much time in firing De Lome out of the country bag and baggage. Last year when a naval commander of Spain arose in a public meeting and denounced America, this country sent in a speedy protest. Through diplomacy the United States worked off a great many dangerous looking eky-rockets on the Alabama claims and with good effect. When Olney, through diplomatic channels, notified Great Britain that "we are practically sovereign on this continent today and our fat is law," in regard to the Venezuelan difficulty, we were proving in a most forceful way that when it comes to the gentle uses of diplomacy America is not a back number in any respect.

The lamentable fact of the business is that we will have to stand diplomatically when the other fellow is employing it, and keep our temper. The best illustration of how sacred diplomacy is, is found in Lincoln's historical, and then highly unpopular, release of the Confederate States' two representatives from Boston, where they had been taken after capture on the high seas.

Anti-Expansionists and Facts.

The last issue of Harper's Weekly contains a letter from its correspondent, John Bass, at Manila, who left home an ardent anti-expansionist. But there recently came into Mr. Bass' possession a document put forth by an intelligent member of Aguinaldo's cabinet, one Sandico, a native educated in Europe. The document recites the orders given to the Filipino soldiers which resulted in the attempted massacre of February 15, and according to Mr. Bass they were orders that called for the death of every man, woman and child in Manila not of native blood. That is to say, these patriots who are capable, in the opinion of Senator Hoar, of setting up a representative government, planned to murder men, women and children of not only the American colony, but those of all other nationalities as well. Non-combatants as well as the American soldiers were to be put to the sword. Mr. Bass therefore rightly concludes that liberty with a Filipino of the Aguinaldo and Sandico stripe means "the opportunity to give unbridled license to their mad racial instincts."

Mr. Bass' view of the situation is confirmed also by a letter published in the Kansas City Journal from Colonel Frederick Funston, who writes under date of March 17:

"I am afraid that some people at home will be awake nights worrying about the ethics of this war, thinking that our enemy is fighting for the right of self-government, etc. The word 'independence' which these people roll over their tongues so glibly is to them a word, and not much more.

"It means simply with them a license to take hell, and if they get control they would raise a fine crop of it. It is true that they have a certain number of educated leaders—educated, however, about the same way a parrot is.

"They are, as a rule, an illiterate, semi-savage people, who are waging war not against tyranny, but against Anglo-Saxon order and decency."

This testimony is apparently conclusive of the impossibility of turning the Philippines over to Aguinaldo to govern or mis-govern, as he should see fit. Besides, it is in evidence that what are called the better class of the Filipinos, at least in Manila, would not select Aguinaldo to form a representative government, since they believe he represents only his ambition and a desire to plunder. However much many Americans may regret that an exigency of war forced us into the Philippines, it appears plain now that we can get out only after at least establishing law and order there and respect for our flag, and that should it be possible to accord the Filipino some measure of self-government, it must be to representatives of a different mental make-up from Aguinaldo and his cabinet.

Why Gold Does Not Circulate.

United States Treasurer Roberts is reported to have said recently: "The appeals for paper are becoming absolutely piteous. There is a special demand from Kansas City and points in the south and west. The treasury is running out with gold, and we could get several more millions of gold than we have if we had small notes to exchange for it." Is paper money better than gold? If not, why do not the people use gold in ordinary transactions? The only reason that they do not use gold is that the government does not coin the yellow metal into suitable denominations for use. Two-thirds of all the gold which has been received at the government's mint since the establishment of the mint in 1836 has been coined into twenty-dollar pieces, and two-thirds of the remainder into ten-dollar pieces. Coins of these denominations are too valuable for general use in retail transactions. The proportion of five-dollar pieces and two-and-a-half-dollar pieces struck at the mints is so small that if a demand should be created tomorrow for these coins for general use they could not be obtained.

It has been pointed out several times within the past two years that a reform is needed in this respect, and it is surely not a good rejoinder for the mint authorities to say that "the people don't want gold." It is true that the people don't want twenty-dollar gold pieces for retail purposes, but they do want money of convenient denominations—be it gold, silver or paper. If Treasurer Roberts would examine the matter from this point of view he would have no difficulty in understanding why it is that the treasury is running out with gold, while there is at the same time a dearth of notes of small denominations. If the authorities of the mint would take the hint and decide that the coining of twenty-dollar and ten-dollar gold pieces should be discontinued for the present, and that five-dollar and two-and-a-half-dollar pieces should be coined instead, then gold would immediately begin to flow into circulation, and would soon find its proper level. At present nearly all the gold is dammed up in the treasury, for the reason here given. Take away these artificial barriers and the precious metal would soon begin to flow in a natural course into the currency of the country.

In Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries all of the gold is coined into pieces of low value than our five-dollar gold piece, and the most erudite writers upon the science of money have attributed the general use of gold coins in Europe to this fact. In like manner they attribute the scarcity of gold coins in circulation in this country to the scarcity of pieces of denominations suitable for such use.

The Greatest Sporting Event of the Year.

The series of races for the America's cup which will be sailed next fall is far in the future, but no gift of prophecy is needed to foresee unparalleled interest in the contest between the champion yachts of the United States and the United Kingdom. The races will be by far the most conspicuous sporting events of the year.

Such competition between representative vessels of great nations have always been exceedingly attractive to the average American. Races for the America's cup are made splendid spectacles by the flotillas which carry great crowds of spectators out to watch the contests for the championship of the sea. Far inland every one is more or less interested to learn whether or not the old American superiority in sailing and building fast boats still exists. It is a sort of national rivalry which is justly regarded as of more importance than other forms of international sport.

This time the special conditions created by the war with Spain will play a powerful part in whetting the public interest in the struggle between the Shamrock and the Columbia. Americans take more pride than ever before in the memory of this generation in the skill and prowess of their countrymen at sea. They realize, however, that the brilliant victories over the Spaniards were won against a weak and incompetent foe, and the national desire is to show, once more, as far as may be, in the tests of peace, that we can beat even the British, man for man and boat for boat, in any maritime competition.

It is this element in the situation which is sure to render the coming races for the America's cup the most notable ever sailed. The prospect is that the struggle will be close, and that makes the eagerness of the American people for the test all the stronger. Every one on this side of the ocean wants the Shamrock to be the very best boat that ever came here from Europe. We hope and expect to beat the real British champion this time. Once or twice that satisfaction could not be felt in the America's cup races. For instance, it was known, when Lieutenant Henn came over with his Galatia, that two or three other British yachts could outlast his pet.

This year all looks favorable for real championship races.

Undaunted Valor in the Luzon.

Whatever basis there may be for the rumored existence of an organized conspiracy to foment discontent or to incite mutiny among the United States volunteers in the Philippines, the administration owes it to itself and to the good repute of the American people to ascertain the exact facts. We are not willing to believe that such conspiracy exists in tangible form. It is possible that some of their friends at home have telegraphed members of volunteer regiments of the conclusion of peace with Spain or of such an incident, for example, as the petitions for the return of the Nebraska, South Dakota and other volunteers. But it is to be hoped, for the credit of American patriotism, that this is the extent of the alleged "conspiracy." Even in such a case, it is improbable that, with the existing military censorship of cable communication at Manila, any dispatches of a mischievous nature would have been delivered to soldiers.

Certainly, criticism at home of the aggressive policy of the United States in the Philippines does not seem to have chilled the ardor or weakened the courage of the troops. A battalion of the very Nebraska regiment for whose return a petition was circulated fought side by side with Iowa troops in the battle of Quingua. For the first time in the history of the Tagalog insurrection, our losses seem to have exceeded those of the wily natives; but despite jungle, rough ground and strong intrenchments, American bravery and discipline carried the position and taught the rebels another lesson of the futility of resistance. There will be sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the wounded who have been stricken in defense of their flag; and there will be unstinted admiration for their valor. The captured position was the key to a further advance northward, intended to cut off the main body of Aguinaldo's forces from a line of retreat into the mountains of the interior of Luzon.

Profanity and the Pulpit.

So far as he used words not generally considered proper for use by laymen, Dr. Joseph Parker of London followed established precedents when he cursed the sultan Sunday. Stories of similar instances are recalled in connection with several preachers. The Rev. Peter Cartwright, an old Methodist preacher of Illinois, was addressing a congregation in Nashville, Tenn., one Sunday when General Jackson entered during the sermon, making such a stir that it interrupted the service. Annoyed, the veteran minister turned on the offender, when some one warned him that it was General Jackson. "Well," shouted the parson, "God will damn General Jackson's soul just as soon as he would that of any Guinea nigger unless he repents."

Strong phrases in the prayer book are sometimes modified by over-zealous clergymen. One dainty, effeminate curate was reading the warning in the communion service which invokes the penalty upon those who partake of the sacrament unprepared. In his mincing voice he said: "Under penalty of condemnation." Whereupon the Bishop of Exeter, who was present, shouted lustily: "Damnation, sir, damnation."

One of the best Beecher stories is that the distinguished clergyman entered his pulpit on one warm day and, mopping his forehead, began: "It is hot, it is hot; not as hell." Then he paused to note the effect on his audience—an effect which he scarcely be imagined. Continuing, he said: "That is what I heard a gentleman say as I entered the church." And with that preface the occupant of the pulpit of Plymouth church preached one of his best sermons against profanity.

A great mass of people rushed down to the wharf to see Dick Croker off to Europe. There must be some good in Croker, that so many people worship him, though last week the greater part of the country looked upon him as a booby.

The people of Cuba are already comparing General Brooke with Weyler, the man who starved them to death. Those Cubans are an ungrateful set of rascals and the sooner we are done with them the better.

The thing to have done on the banks of the Bag-Bag was to have barged the Filipinos. When our army maneuvers more in the Philippines and fights less, its successes will be more decisive.

This nation wants no war with Germany. Germany should come to live in the tent with England and America. The three ought to live in harmony. They may need one another.

Dewey says that he had no trouble with Von Dietrich. What's this? Dewey is an idol. He did have trouble with Von Dietrich. Mark one down—the first—against Dewey.

General Miles day before yesterday called upon the president for the first time in six weeks. It is pleasant to see General Miles taking up with his country again.

Coghlan has been reprimanded by this government and thrown down by Dewey. By this time Coghlan must know that oratory is not in his line.

Our relations with Germany are very fragile. The trouble is that the American people are just about as touchy as Bill Hobokenoller.

President McKinley will pay Coghlan and his crew a visit on board the Raleigh. There is nothing small about President McKinley.

Kautz's letter amounts to nothing. It didn't criticize Germany, and it only poked good natured fun at German Consul Rose.

William Jennings Bryan probably notes with pain that Dick Croker has a kind of handshaking clinch himself.

This nation showed Spain that its soldiers had dash. It is showing the Filipinos that they have tenacity.

The navy seems to be engaged in a warm endeavor to shove this nation into a war with Germany.

It would be interesting to see our forces quit driving the Filipinos and curral them.

Com Paul Kruger is preparing for war with England. England hasn't the time.

Our Dressmaker.

Miss Peckitt used to come to our house to sew. She sewed y frocks and she sewed my pinafores, and sat among her tapes and pins and yard measures telling me old stories that no child could forget.

Miss Peckitt had no relatives, and always, as she said, kept herself to herself. And of all her stories the one I liked best was the one about the pin cushion. It was a large, heavy cushion, and I wondered why Miss Peckitt always brought it with her when she came for the day.

"It has a brick inside it to keep it steady when I pin my work to it," she said, "and I carry it with me because it's the last thing my young man made for me."

"Oh, did you ever have a young man? Do tell me about him!"

"At 30 years old one is not discreet. I suppose Miss Peckitt was not inclined to be hard on youthful indiscretion. She showed her needle and began:

"It was when I was a young girl." "It was when I was more than 30 at this time, but to me she seemed immeasurably old, as I said:

"It is a long time ago, then," as sympathetically as I could.

"Yes," she said, "a long time. He was the son of a farmer, and we were courting ever since we were quite little things and went to Sunday school. But it was not to be."

"What happened?"

"Why, his father died, my dear, and when it came to looking into things it was found he'd borrowed money on the land, and the interest hadn't been paid. So then, my Willie said he'd pay the interest and all, if they'd only wait. But they wouldn't—and the old place was sold up—house and buildings and beets, and the land with the standing crops. They may say it's law, but it ain't justice."

She bit off her thread sharply and I said it was a shame.

"So it was—a black shame. My Willie would have paid them every penny if they'd only waited. But no; they sold the old place, and he fended more than 10,000 over, and that they gave to Willie, as was only fair. An' after the sale I saw nothing of him for two days, and then he came to me looking like a dog that the boys were after with stones."

"I'm off," says he, 'with this bit of money I'll make a fortune over in America,' says he, 'where I'll come home for you, my girl, or I'll write and you'll come to me.'

"If it was to the world's end," says I.

"He gave me the pin cushion; it seemed a chunk of money, and I said, 'as you see, and it had big stitches, but sewn strong, and I almost laughed as I took it. I was glad after that I hadn't laughed he says."

"Blossom, my dear, do you know what makes it so heavy?"

"So I said no, I don't."

"It's a brick of the old south wall at home," says he, "where the yellow rose is, and where the apricots fruit so free, and it's covered with a bit of silk gown my mother was married in—it's faded, but you can see the rose and the apricot, and I'll keep it for my sake."

"Well?" I asked, for Miss Peckitt had stopped abruptly.

"He never came back, but I know it was true—and he would have come back if he'd been living, and the Lord's will be done," she added.

"If you keep the piece of the old dress?" I asked, "when it wore out and you ripped it off? I should like to see it."

"I never ripped it off," she said; "I covered it with a bit of damask, meaning to show it to him fresh and bright when he came, but I dare say it's worn out now, underneath, with all the needles and pins I've stuck in it—worn out."

"Time did not stand still in our village. A bicycle factory reared its giant ugliness by the church, and the moss-grown well was replaced by a galvanized iron pump. The old families moved away and new people came; smarter people. In their gimcrack way, who got their dresses made in the country, town, and despised Miss Peckitt's old-fashioned patterns. I was finishing my education in France and Germany. When I came home I hardly knew it. Almost my first visit was paid to the little white house with the green railings."

"I will do the poor thing good to see you," said my mother. "I fear she is horribly poor. She gets hardly any work now. And she won't accept anything she does not earn."

She did not know me at first, and was dusting a chair that was already of a spotlessness to shame our chairs at home. When suddenly she recognized me, she shook shattered for a moment, and a reserve of years—she threw her thin arms around my neck and kissed me—faltering an apology for the "liberty" and then sat down on the doubly dusted chair and cried pitifully.

I listened to see his tale of poverty and self-denial as young ears had never heard before. Work scarce and growing scarcer, hardly enough to live on, and to crown all the urgent necessity of saving, for hearing every possible penny.

"But why?"

"For my funeral, my dear," she said. "I've kept myself respectable all these years, and if the parish was to touch me I should turn in my coffin—I know I should."

"Your needle's crooked," I said, fighting with a choking feeling in my throat. "Let me thread you another."

"Dear me," she said, "this is the only needle I've got. It's not so crooked and a cent's a cent—and needles in penny packages isn't what they used to be. No, and I won't let you buy me even needles, miss. It's the principle I think of. I won't be beholden."

"You've got the old pin cushion there still," I said; "there must be lots of needles in that lot, and out the sawdust and I'll put it back carefully."

I thing Miss Peckitt's will must have been weakened by long fasting and trouble, for she let me rip up the side of that sacred cushion and pour out the ran into that little black tea tray with the gold border. I found in that bran sixty-seven good needles, to say nothing of broken ones.

Then I began to put the bran back, and as I pushed it in to make it hard and tight I felt it in. I pulled it out.

"Oh, Miss Peckitt," I cried, "look what I have found in your pin cushion!"

A little canvas bag—and it in several bills and a little letter.

"My dear, this is mine. This is two hundred and fifty dollars of my money, so as you will have something if I am not lucky with the rest. You will find this when you put it back. If all goes well as please God it will, it will pay for things for our home. Your true friend and affectionate lover, WILLIAM BEALF. Pay for things for the house? It will pay for my funeral!"

Miss Peckitt was on my mind. I had seen that the money and the words from the dead had brought her more pain than joy, and after dinner that evening I slipped on a dark cloak and ran down the quiet street to the little house. I opened the door softly and peeped in.

There was a fire in the grate, and before it in the armchair with the patchwork cushion sat a little, and her arm was around his neck. In her cheeks was the fresh color I had never seen there, and in her eyes the light of youth and hope.

"It's my Willie," she cried. "He's come back. Oh, miss, dear, to think of it—he was coming home to me, with his fortune made, and the ship was wrecked and him and the others were only fecked away by a all the other day."

For some days they were both persons of sentiment, because they bought back the old farm, with its south wall where the stone was "freed so true," and when they went to church Miss Peckitt wore a gown of faded silk with a rose. The new dress, and there was enough of the silk that the bridegroom's mother had worn at her marriage to clothe the little bride on her wedding day.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The election to ratify the Creek-Dawes treaty will be held May 1.

South McAlester has named one of her town extensions "Mistletoe Addition."

There will be Dewey day exercises on the government acres at Guthrie May 1. Judge Scott of Newkirk expects to take his place in the Perry land office this week.

P. Quinn Harrison, a relative of Benjamin Harrison, is thinking of locating at Ponca City.

After a long delay the work on the water works system of Shawnee began in earnest last Monday.

Governor Barnes showed up in Topeka the other day but he would not tell the reporters what he was there for.

The slot machines have broken out again at Blackwell and Kildare and the county attorney is hiding up his horse.

The White Horse club saloon at Ponca City has been re-opened. It was closed at the time Clyde Mattox shot Swinnell.

The Enterprise says that there are several men in Perry who want to enlist and are anxious to enlist.

Perhaps when the government captures Aguinaldo it will send him down with Gen. Geronimo for Bill Walker to teach farming.

Secretary Jenkins is back from Washington and is being congratulated for having won out in the Perry land office matter.

There is a wooly story abroad that Clyde Mattox is offering to give himself up under the promise that he will be admitted to bail.

Amos Ewing is in full sail after the oil companies. They will have to improve their oils, or induce Amos to go away somewhere and die.

Scott Cooper of Guthrie awoke the other night and found a white man in his house. The man explained he was drunk and Cooper let him go.

While Leslie Niblack of Guthrie was sharpening a lead pencil the other day a deputy marshal came up and threatened to arrest him for timber-cutting.

A pamphlet at Kansas City has read Governor Barnes' hand and says that he is a man whose conduct of public affairs is greatly admired even by his opponents.

Jesse Shaw of Enid, who was sentenced to the county jail for gambling by Judge McAttee, has been pardoned by Governor Barnes, after having served half of his sentence.

The Oklahoma City lodge of traveling men, which gained 66 per cent in membership in a year has been awarded the prize of a mahogany altar by the cancellor to the lodge showing the greatest increase. Oklahoma City's lodge now has 121 members.

The Waters-Pierce Oil company got a restraining order at Oklahoma City preventing Inspector Ewing from throwing out their oil. Ewing went before Judge Burwell and had that order set aside. The oil company will now appeal to the supreme court.

The law passed by the last legislature permitting farmers' mutual fire insurance companies with a membership of 100 to organize has been interpreted by Secretary Jenkins to mean that foreign mutual insurance companies with less than 1,000 cannot operate in Oklahoma.

Matt Dahr, secretary of the Oklahoma Bimaculic League, sends in the following invitation: "You are cordially invited to attend our mass convention at Guthrie, O. T., May 15. If you are an Oklahoman you might have a chance to grab a chunk of an island in the Cimarron, between Langston and Perkins."

The "wild and wooly" crowd will be kept orderly by Major General Jack Stone's army and the Oklahoma navy, who is anchored in the muddy Cottonwood, in the somber shadow of Pabst's beer depot.

Along the Kansas Nile.

A big cocking main was pulled off under the nose of Topeka's new reform mayor last Wednesday night.

Fiercer and fiercer grows the struggle of people discriminated against, to break into the court of vindication.

Governor Stanley in a speech at Hutchinson Wednesday night attacked trusts. He suggested no remedy.

Ex-Governor Leedy enjoys the honor of being the first man in the United States to denounce Secretary Allen.

It didn't take as much courage for Caesar to cross the Rubicon as it did for Fred Funston to cross the Bag-Bag.

Colonel Fred is doing just what General Joe Hudson intended to do if the mean old government hadn't mustered him out.

Fort Scott has received a large shipment of sugar beet seeds and a prize will be given to the farmer who raises the best beets.

If Colonel Fred wants to become truly great he should decide one shape of whiskers and stay by them. He now wears a moustache and a coat.

A Minnesota insurance company which wanted to do business in Kansas, claiming to insure against cinch-bug, drouth and hot winds, has been barred from the state.

Captain Boltwood, company K's hero, walked up and down his company's line the other night on the battlefield and said the boys were all sleeping as soundly as if at home.

The executive council, it is said, has decided to abolish the office of state architect and divide his salary among newly created places for architects, one at each state institution.

It is said that the appointment of Cross, grain inspector at Topeka, was a deliberate slap at Dave Milvane. In addition to this the grain men say that Cross is incompetent.

F. G. Popone, A. S. Johnson and J. E. Griswold, of Topeka, have gone to Chiles, Central America, to inspect mining properties, of which Popone is president, the other stockholders.

Originally we crossed the prairies as of old, the pilgrims crossed the sea, to make the west, as they call the homestead of the free. Now Kansas is crossing another sea to make the east as they have the west the homestead of the free. We are nearly across the world.

Captain Edmund Boltwood, the gallant leader of company K, of the Twentieth Kansas, which made such a brilliant charge in the Philippines, is the captain whose appointment caused a clash between Governor Leedy and Secretary Allen last year. Captain Boltwood was a veteran of the civil war, and for years drew a pension for injuries received during that war. In the organization of Kansas volunteers for the Spanish war, the Ottawa company, K, elected the veteran soldier as captain. He could not pass the physical examination required by the United States military officer. Secretary of War Allen wrote the secretary and he wired the mustering officer not to muster in Captain Boltwood or any other veteran of the civil war who was wounded and drawing a pension from the government.

The mustering officer showed his instructions to Governor Leedy. "Well, Captain Boltwood will go as captain of that company or as Kansas volunteers will enter the service," replied the governor. "Just wire the secretary of war that I am competent to appoint the officers of our volunteers in Kansas."

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Geo. Innes & Co.

Today Remnants

have their inning, and a lively one it will be. More short lengths of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Linens, Linings, Embroideries, Ribbons, etc. than ever. All stocks have been carefully cleaned of all their short lengths and today you will find the entire center tables in both rooms covered with them. One can't help but find many lengths of just what they wanted, and with a saving of about half.

Tomorrow

The ladies of the Episcopal church will have on sale at this store the best of Candies and Cakes.

In the

Millinery Department Saturday

We will place on sale 400 new Sailors that came in Thursday especially for this special sale purpose. These are new and fresh. The styles have been conceived within the last six weeks. We'll not make a mint of money on them, but nevertheless they shall be yours for an insignificant sum. Made of cream rough straw braid, silk finished. The bands are of black silk. One to a customer. Tomorrow

ONLY 29 CENTS

Boston Store.

This morning, the special sale of Ladies' Summer Union Suits and Separates.

Keep Cool



In order to accomplish this desirable result you should have one of our Summer Shirts. We are showing the best line of Negligee Shirts ever shown in Wichita. All the new effects and colors in Percales, Madras, Cheviots, Japanese Crepes, etc.

We don't own the Monarch Shirt plant, neither are we general agents for the United States; nor are we sole agents for Wichita. The Monarch is a good Shirt—none better. We have them all sizes and any quantities.

We sell Monarch Shirts at

50c, 75c,
\$1.00, \$1.50.